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Do we laugh or weep? Take this one among the thousands: In the late Fifties a CIA undercover agent named Sacha Volman gets together with Everyone's Favorite Socialist, Norman Thomas, as eloquent an orator as you can find in a month of Sundays on Morality, Conscience, the End Never Justifying the Means and that sort of tick. Volman is a Marxistical ex-Rumanian, once assigned to Radio Free Europe. Seems he—i.e., CIA—has a great idea for saving Latin America from Moscow by revolutionizing it before the Communists can. So he offers Mr. Thomas the chairmanship of an "Institute of International Labor Research," which is to found a political school for training Latin Americans in the latest wrinkles of non-Communist leftism. Mr. Thomas, never a man to look a chairmanship in the mouth, enthusiastically climbs aboard.

This sort of thing takes a bit of dough, natch. Lo and behold, cash gushed instanter at the tap of Volman's rod. The J. M. Kaplan Fund couldn't have been more pleased than to cough up a million or two Yankee dollars for so philanthropic an enterprise. A school, linked to umpteen left-wing Latin American political parties, began in Costa Rica. This setup running into a bit of trouble, it was transferred to the Dominican Republic and re-christened "Inter-American Center of Economic and Social Studies." There was a publishing auxiliary in Mexico City, a film production outfit, the works.

A good many lucky people from this country—congressmen, educators, intellectuals—showed up to instruct the assembled scholars and spend a few days in the sur-

rounding sunshine. (Justice William Douglas drew down \$11,000 for just one year's travel expenses on labors connected with the Center and the associated Parvin Foundation, of both of which he was a director.) But there was also a regular faculty, on which the best-known name was that of the noted Freedom Fighter, Juan Bosch—yes, the same Juan Bosch. The incidental detail that in Senor Bosch's conception the main enemy in the Freedom Fight happens to be the United States was naturally not mentioned in the friendly atmosphere. After all, the CIA as a good American organization is all-out for free speech, what?

So, carried over an awkward period of his career by regular checks from you-know-who, and profiting by what he had learned as well as taught in that invigorating intellectual environment, Juan Bosch was ready to take his stand when the Dominican crisis arrived. How proud CIA must be of the performance of its pensioners! No one can charge that CIA corrupts people into becoming even the least bit pro-American!

Came the blowup, and what was Mr. Thomas, now on public exhibition as a CIA patsy, to say then, poor thing? Either he knew what it was all about and is a hypocritical truth-twister like the rest of the boys, or he didn't and is a boob.

"I am not ashamed," affirmed Mr. Thomas, who is not recorded as ever having been, to a telephone interviewer. "We were teaching people how to run a country." Yes indeed: Sacha Volman, Juan Bosch and I.

Death came, as it must to all fronts, to this Institute complex last year. "We still had a little money," a little of dat li'l ole CIA mazoola, Foxy Grandpa Thomas concluded, "so we used it to publish a strong attack on the American government's intervention in the Dominican Republic." ("Strong" is something of an understatement, you will learn from reading *Dominican Republic—A Study in the New Imperialism*, by Theodore Draper, Juan Bosch, José Figueres, Robert J. Alexander and Norman Thomas. A CIA Classic.) "The CIA didn't get very much for that money."

Not much, perhaps, Brother Thomas, but just about what it deserved.

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